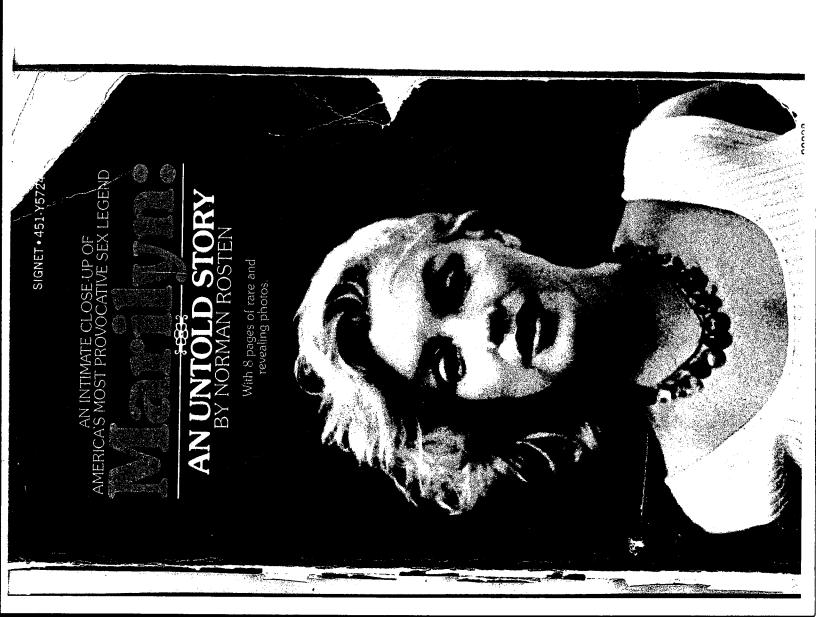
EXHIBIT



by NORMAN ROSTEN

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California. 1962. Her last spring. She had then only a few more months of life.

deep cut, affording a modest view. Far from the sure of the house and its occupant. In the back, a small swimming pool, some lawn, and a few trees on perhaps an acre of land that fell away in a pottery, and a large Aztec calendar decorated the rooms. But they were cold, uncertain, incomplete rooms. White sheets covered the bedroom windows. Not much furniture, as though she were uncause she had nowhere else to go. One always would demand a colossal effort and control. She to-be-completed house that she wanted so desperately to make into a permanent home. It was built in Mexican style: tiles, masks on the wall, assorted To start again after a third marital failure was back in Hollywood, the circle closing. Not a return in triumph but in default; she was back begoes home when the world cannot be won. She had moved to her new house-the small, never-Beverly Hills splendor, but she liked the setting.

Alone again, she was feverishly optimistic. Yes,

MARILYN: AN UNTOLD STORY

she looked forward to work, a new film, a resumption of her career. Did she hear the rumors that she was through? If so, she never referred to them. She talked about the future. Fate was now watching her, knowing just how much time was left, stepping around the garden, getting accustomed to the grounds, peering into the window of her bedroom where her lifeless body would soon be discovered. And I, listening to her, aware only of a controlled desperation. Ruth amid the alien corn. The land of the drive-in.

were in Hollywood on a film assignment), Marilyn phoned and excitedly announced, "It's Sunday, Several days after our arrival (my wife and I let's go to my analyst. I want you and Hedda to meet him. I told him and his wife that we're comI hesitated. "Is that allowed?" (I never had an analyst. "He's a great person and has a wonderful family," she said, leaving my question unanswered. "You'll like them all and vice versa."

"What'll we do-talk about you?"

"It's OK. As long as I'm not listening. Phone you right back." In a few minutes she reported that we were not ten to chamber music; we learned that her analyst played violin with an amateur quartet. "Chamber only invited to his house but could stay on and lis-

MARILYN: AN UNTOLD STORY

the prospect of enjoying chamber music, elite mumusicl" she gayly exclaimed. "And it's not in a chamber, it's in a living room!" She was happy at

writer but her "poet friend," while Hedda was not elegance, if that's the right word. I was not just a only my wife but "a dear person, and they're hap-Introductions at her analyst took on a touch of sic, the champagne of music. pily married."

touching sign of affection as well as an indication to build a replica of her doctor's home was a grow up, Doctor," her actions seemed to be some reminders of home." In a way, her attempt miniature, a replica of this one. "I am trying to saying. "I think I can now move away, but I want style, and I realized that Marilyn was modeling her own house after this one. It was, in fact, a home (a warmer foster home, the thought flashed through my mind). The house was in Mexican relaxation here, as though this were a second were gracious and wonderfully informal. Marilyn fitted in easily. One could sense her complete Our host, Dr. Ralph Greenson, and his family of beginning independence.

what was lost in a few dropped notes he more with the passion of the dedicated amateur, and familiar Mozart string quartet danced upon the air. Marilyn's analyst, it can be mentioned, played chatter, the other musicians showed up. Soon a Finally, after coffee and cake and idle Sunday